

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh *Inno.*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros. Sir, fir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A most vnnoble swearing.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th'strings,
And thou should'st shewe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o' th' world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
Euen it is repayes me.

We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dolabella with others.

Caes. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
Know you him.

Dolla. *Caesar*, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Caesar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Caes. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee lues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Grearresse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyrres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Caes. For *Anthony*,

I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so thee
From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Caes. Bring him through the Bands:

To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Caesar*, I go.

Caesar. Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his slaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In euery power that mooues.

Thid. *Caesar*, I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose feuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. My Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtesie,
So she will yeeld vs vp.

Amb. He sayes so.

Ant. Let her know't. To the Boy *Caesar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principallities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone
As 'th' Command of *Caesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eno. Yes like enough: hyc battel'd *Caesar* will
Vestate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to 'th' new
Against a Swordsman. I see mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Caesar* will
Answer his empernesse; *Caesar* thou hast subdu'd
His Iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Caesar*.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him fir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And eames a place 'th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Caesar* will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Eno. He needs as many (Sir) as *Caesar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Caesar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Caesar*.
Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Caesar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is *Caesar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pittie, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserued.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeilded, but conquer'd meere.

Eno. To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
Sir, fir, thou art so leakie
That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for
Thy deereft quit thee. *Exit Eno.*

Thid. Shall I say to *Caesar*,

What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane vpon: But it would warme his spints
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your selfe vnder his throwd, the vniuersal Land-
Cleo. What's your name? *(lord.)*

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Caesar* this in disputation,

I kisse his conquering
To lay my Crowne at
Tell him, from his all-
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your N
Wisdom and Fortu
If that the former dar
No chance may shake
My dutie on your han

Cleo. Your *Caesar*
(When he hath mus'
Bestow'd his lips on t
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter A

Ant. Favourst By

Thid. One that b

The bidding of the fu

To haue command cl

Eno. You will be

Ant. Approach ther

Au: hority melts from

Like Boyes vnto a m

And cry, your will.

I am *Anthony* yet. T

Eno. 'Tis better pi

Then with an old on

Ant. Moone and

Whip him: wert' tw

That do acknowleg

So sawy with the ha

Since she was *Cleopat*

Till like a Boy you se

And whine aloud for

Thid. Marke *Ant*

Ant. Tugge him

Bring him againe, the

Beare vs an arrant to

You were halfe blasp

Haue I my pillow left

Forborne the getting

And by a Iem of wor

By one that looks on

Cleo. Good my L

Ant. You haue be

But when we in our

(Oh misery on't) the

In our owne filth, dre

Adore our errors, lau

To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't com

Ant. I found you

Dead *Caesar* Trencher

Of *Gneius Pompey*,

Vnregistred in vilga

Luxuriously pickt ou

Though you can gue

You know not what

Cleo. Wherefore

Ant. To let a Fell

And say, God quit yo

My play-fellow, you

And pighter of high

Vpon the hill of Bal

The horned Heards,

And to proclaime it